TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 10. SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD.

(Including Postage.)

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# THE CIRCULATION OF The Evening World

FRIDAY, AUG. 23,

348,010

event of extraordinary public interest THE EVENING WORLD sells a few cepies. For instance, its circulation on Thursday, Aug. 22, was

170,370 Copies.

### TWELVE!

The Whitechapel fiend has once more set his band to the bloody work begun months ago. One more outcast has fallen forfeit to his wrath. The manner of this butchery, outdoing all its predecessors in horror, shows that the slayer's rage increases as he nears the promised end of his labor.

Three more remain to be done, and every dissolute creature in the London slums trembles with fear that she may be the next. The grimusest feature of the frightful

serial is the butcher's mexorable fidelity to his word. He keeps it, and Great Britain is powerless to hinder him. He has said fifteen must fall. London believes they will.

THE HALF HAS NOT BEEN TOLD. Judge White, in a talk about reporters, whom he seems to consider omnipresent, omniverous, and void of the secretive faculty,

some friends where I thought we would be alone. when a reporter came in and found me sitting re in the corner of a saloon. I suppose he will have that in the papers too. Oh, these re-

Judge, you are a good fellow. There is nothing wrong in your penchant for sitting slone in the corner of a saloou. ' It is inhospitable-very-but not wicked. And if it were, there is no certainty the reporter who saw you there would publish the fact. Reporters have seen many men sitting in the corners of saloons who would not care to have people know it. And yet the horris! secrets have been kept-and by reporters,

No. Judge, if reporters should-as you pretend they do, but know they do not-print all they know or see or hear, there would be an exodus of modern society into the deserts and waste places of the earth, that would resemble the departure of rats from the city of Hamelin at the heels of the Pied Piper.

## A CLUMBY FAKE.

The exposure of STEVE BRODIE's brazen, temptible Niagara "fake" has given his me as fatal a tumble as the Falls would eve afforded him had he been a brave man stead of a lying mountebank.

He ought to be hooted off the Bowery. mless he will consent to go, accompanied by committee of honest men, and perform. riatim, in their presence the leaps he has had the credit of making hitherto. No less thorough restitution will convince his quondam constituents that he possesses any element of gameness or honesty. As for the rest of the world it has no use for him.

And the abettors of this deception, what becomes of there in the eyes of all selfre-pecting newspaper men. Does not a share in BRODIE's offense merit a share in his

For shame, all of you.

## WELCOME HOME, DOCTOR,

The New York Central Railroad men are making ready to go down the bay and meet Dr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW, who is home-coming the City of New York. Here is a welcome a good part of Manhattan would join in with good grace. There will be flags flung out, if anybody says the word, to greet an honest man, thoroughbred, thoroughpared American and consistent Christian entleman.

Good Loy, CHAUNCEY! You and EDISON ere the best exhibits we had abroad, as RUSS HARRISON was the funniest. But you are coming home opportunely. This Big Four business needs you.

Now, gentlemen; long cheers, long drinks, but no long speeches.

Hurrah for the " bired man."

It is a sorry sight for England, to see Australia and Canada contending on her waters for the rowing supremacy of the world. That is one kind of wave that Britannia no longer

It is a wholesome spectacle, that of the rival athletic associations dwelling together again you mustn't play with Mr. Featherly's hat. in unity. The backbitting and wrangling Miss Clara-You might injure it; and besides, he will want it shortly.

lar love-feast at Travers Island next Satur- THEY'RE CRUELLY TREATED. day in the annual championship meeting that bodes ill for England, Ireland, Scotland or any other country that tries to deprive us of the bun in struggles of swiftness, strongth or skill.

Now you are off!

THERE'S STILL A CHANCE.

Rascal Ives, dapper and chipper and cheeky, is at the bar of justice, looking in the face of eight indictments. He wanted to be a Napoleon. The original of that name died in confinement. If all eight charges are proven against this conscienceless young aspirant, he is apt to fulfil the Napoleonic ideal in one regard at least. All is not lost,

### JUMPI

Come slong, Giants. Don't be content with easy victories. Win a few of these tight games and get up where you belong. The

Hull, of Georgia, the would-be duellist, He is not to be blamed, maybe, from keeping ferent character.

"Corporal punishment never was allowed "Corporal punishment never was allowed "Corporal punishment never was allowed to be blamed."

Ann, of St. Louis, had been biting off the nose of the town he halls from for the purpose of spiting its face. Maybe St. Louis baseball enthusiasts will not thank him.

Yesterday they laid his case before Gov. HILL. resignation would precede him by about turee months.

The Grand Jury is still pottering away in

James L. Barnbill, of Birmingham, Ala. ropped dead on Thursday night at the very hour he was to have been married. He was only seventy years old and had looked forward to a

joyfully home together.

r. John L. Sullivan thinks that New York not fairly treated him because his benefit not a success fluancially. That's nothing.

Description of the pulled up until nothing but his toes tonched the ground.

Another method was to tie the thumbs to a tolerably limiter hickory stick. Unless Mr. John L. Sullivan thinks that New York has not fairly treated him because his benefit John; wait till you are a Congressman.

"Well," said the manager moodily. "there aren't many people here, but I suppose we can stand it. No doubt it's to be expected with a tank drama and thrilling marine seenery."
What is to be expected?" inquired the stage

manager. A light house. "- Washington Capital.

o find a fighter to knock out Sullivan.

A Connecticut bustle factory shut down last Saturday, and 600 girls were thrown out of employment. There is no longer any eall for the bustle. Oh. Mrs. Cleveland, why did you do it?

Goodness! Is Johnstown still dry? There are thirty-six grocers and fifty-one saloons in operation there now.

## OFF THE STAGE.

Mrs. Herrmann, wife of the famous necromancer, is an inveterate theatre-goer. When she is in the city she sees every theatrical novelty that is offered to the public. Her husband is a less ardent theatre-goer.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers has given up her flat and has taken to hotel life again. She patronizes the Sturtevant. Mrs. Bowers can be seen on Broadway every morning. She takes her daily

constitutional alone. Maurice Barrymore is not nearly as elaborate bout his attire off the stage as his admirers would love to believe. In fact, Earrymore is ontent to leave conspicuous clothes to the smalt fry of the profession.

Miss Isabelle Urquhart, of the Casino, never attracts the least attention in the street. She is always clad in the sobcrest of garbs. The time is fast approaching when she can envelop herself in her favorite ulater.

## WORLDLINGS.

Lord Brassey's London house is lighted by electric lamps inclosed in sea shells of the greatest beauty, whose transparency sheds a glowing refuigence over the whole apartment. Rev. Herbert D. Ward and his wife (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) are to write in collaboration a novel, the scenes of which are to be laid in the time of Christ.

The grave of Daniel Webster is at Marshfield. Mass., where the remains of his son Fletcher lie with the great orator's in the same tomb. The widow of Fletcher Webster is still living. but with her death the Webster family will be-

come extinct.

He Did. [From the Sanday Courier.] Miss Clara (entertaining a caller)-Bobby,

SOME OF THE PETTY PUNISHMENTS THAT RECRUITS MUST UNDERGO.

Severe Penaltics for Slight Breaches of Discipline Devices That Savor of the Rack and Stocks-Bucking, Gagging, Tring Up by the Thumbs and Other Medes of Inhuman Torture.

The account given in the St. Louis Post Dispatch of the treatment of recruits at Jefferson Barracks is being read with great interest, not only by the enlisted men, but also by officers, as I know of my personal knowledge," said C. F. Cady, of New Haven,

Conn., who is visiting friends in St. Louis. " For fifteen years and more I have had no connection with the army, but from 1952 to 1873 I was constantly employed in a clerical capacity, having been given a position in the Quartermaster's department by my uncie, Col. Cady, whom most of the officers of the time is ripe for it now. The lesp is not a old army will remember. It chanced that I long one. Gather yourselves and jump, all served almost constantly with troops and got to know the interior management thoroughly. What Woodward says may or may not be true in its entirety, but his causes of complaint has succeeded in getting himself caught and are mild and amount to nothing compared put under \$10,000 bonds to keep the peace. with what I have myself seen. It is not His scampering up and down the country pleasant to be roughly spoken to, but when I and blowing about the fight was not in vain.

Was connected with the army the penalties for breaches of discipline were of a very dif-

He is not to be blamed, maybe, from keeping away as best be could from the woods where Patterson, armed with a big pistol and a newspaper reporter, was waiting to do polite murder on him.

It seems as though Mr. Caris Von Der It seems as though Mr. Caris Von Der Caris had been biting off the

Surely, he will be made to pay with a deal of discomfort for these schoolboy tantrums of his.

The City Court Judges are after their collegue, Mr. Pitenks, with a very sharp stick.

apart and lash them firmly to the spokes. He It is said Judge Pitsure will return in No-vember. If he had deligate sensibilities his cagled with his face to the wheel, the outside spread, as it was called, when the back was against the spokes being considered by ex-perts far preferable. A man could be so tied that he could sit on the bub, which relieved the discomforts of the strained position very much, but often this was not done, and a

The Grand Jury is still pottering away in mystery with the Flack case. But where is BOORSTAVER?

FANCIES.

Verily the way of the fakir is more rocky than the bottom of Niagara Falls.

When Marie Jansen took a header from her horse at Winthrop did she instinctively say, "O he, mamma!" as she lauded?

Produce Exchange members are in mourning. The deaths of four members were posted yesterday, and members are taxed \$12 a death.

served sovere punishment, as the safety of the entire command depended on the ani-mals. The next morning there were three distinct circles worn on the snow where the men had run around the picket-pin all night

hour he was to have been married. He was only seventy years old and had looked forward to a long period of wedded bliss.

Hats of great heads all remind us. If we choose the proper way. We can get up every morning With a head as big as they.

— Washington Critic.

A Chicago husband found his runaway wife and her companion in St. Louis yeaterday, and on the feet of the latter a pair of his own slippers on which his wife had embroidered "To my own darling" in days gone by. Touched by tender memories he forgave her and they went loyfully home together.

Hats of great heads all remind us. "Another and much severer punishment, not infrequently practised, was to take out a wagon tengue, piace it between the tall-boards of five wagons and then put the cell-prit astride of it. This may not appear painful, but those who have ridden a wagon tours with a carbine tied to each foot, as was not infrequently done, could tell a very different story. Another mode of torture was to make a man carry a log on his shoulder for several hours. "Typing up by the thumbs is terribly severe. There were two ways of doing this. A wagon tougue would be planted in the ground, and a strong piece of twine let down from the top. The culprit would have this

from the top. The culprit would have this tied securely to each thumb, and would then be pulled up until nothing but his toes

tied up all night. The yells of agony of the unfortunate fellow were heard all over the Fifty people were seriously poisoned by eating cheese at Beltsville, O., on Saturday, making the third lot poisoned in this way within a week. One would think that Beltsville folk might temporarily curb this wild appetite for cheese,

Now only one triumph remains for Australia, to find a fighter to knock out Sulivan.

unfortunate follow were heard all over the garrison. Sometimes the me were bucked and garged. The bucking consisted in passing a stout stick under the knees and over the garrison. Sometimes the me were bucked and garged. The bucking consisted in passing as tout attached the hards were then tied below and in front of the knees, and the sufferer laid out in the hot sun. The result was most terrible cramps. A soldier's life, at least when I was connected with the army, was by no means a happy one,"

## POLITICAL PERSONALS

Deputy Warden Wm. S. McNamara will probably fill the vacancy caused by the death Warden Vought, of the Almshouse, Blackwell's Island.

The names or initials of politicians seem to be in great favor for race horses just at present. To the list including Pat Divver, Pat Oakley and J. J. O. B., has been added John J. S. which might stand for John J. Scannell, the Tammany leader of the Eleventh District.

"All that President Harrison has to do now is to appoint Gon. Barnum Marshal and the Twenty-first Assembly District will have got all the plums," is the wall from John J. O'Brien's section of the city.

Alex Rosenthal, of the Fourth Assembly Dis trict, threatens to sue Matthew Stanley Quay for broken political promises made last Fall. Flack's successor as Grand Sachem of the

Tammany Society will be chosen to-morrow. It still looks like ex-Judge Tappen. Deputy Sheriff John Lavery is a diamond expert, ranking with the best appraisers of gem values in the city. John can fish a brilliant out

of every pocket in his clothes. William Sohmer, who was a prominent candidate for Excise Commissioner, will probably go to Albany next Winter as the representative of the Tenth District in the Assembly. He owes allegiance to Tammany Hall.

# FASHIONS IN TABLE ORNAMENTS.

One of the prettiest among the Eiffel Tower prominents is a candle-tick produced in filegree laver. Cut glass claret jugs have gilver tops which are attached to the handle of the jug by means

of a silver cham.

Very beautiful effects are now produced on crystal glass and choice keramics by the electro-

A pretty dinner table ornament just received from the other side is in Bohemian ware and represents a Jersey fily. The shape, size and color-soft garnetish shading into cream-are accurately reproduced. In after-dinner sets several charming novel-ties are being displayed by the importers. Some that attractor my attention especially were in Carishad china with fluted or canciles surface and floral, sinted and gold ornamentations.

Crystal spring glass, in flower vasce of various designs, an importation from Bohemia, is one of the most recent novelties.

—From the Javellers' Circular.

### "SHENANDOAH."

The poet and the dramatist could not go along for a very extended time without a war to give a new combination to the inert kaleidoscomes of their imaginations. The possibilities of romance offered by the spectacle of two apposing factions, both made up of the same palpitating humanity, are unlimited. Then there is always the comparative novelty of love struggling beneath the ironelad rules of military discipline and the charming picture of its successful combat with patriotism. Patriotism can always conquer love-in books and plays.

In "Shenandoah," produced at the Star Theatre last night, Bronson Howard has given a firth, determined shake to the military kaleidscope and then placed the effective combination thus secured in an American civil war setting. Fortunately Mr. Howard understood his theatre-going public sufficiently well to know that the subject of love was infinitely more interesting than that of patriotism. Most of the real interest in "Shenandoah" was amorous, though so artistically was

Mr. Howard. With the exception of Miss Dorothy Dorr's mannerisms, and Miss Effic the cast defied a man kept on the full stretch all the time criticism. Many people might object to Morton and remain perfectly motionless the stick Selden, who played Capt. Heartsease, of Shericriticism. Many people might object to Morton would begin to vibrate rapidly, jerking the thumbs and causing terrible agony.

"I knew a commander of a crack cavalry regiment (who rose to the rank of Brigadier-General before his death) who kept his bugler that the state of the third set. When the third set is a like the second Harwood. Henry Miller might have made infinitely more of the third act. Miss Viola Allen gave an irreproachable performance, and little Miss Alice Haines was as effective as Miss Nannette Campbell, whom she closely resembles.
There was a child in "Shenandoah," but it wasn't seen. When I realized that it was not destined to come upon the stage and lisp precocities my heart gave a joyful bound and one big biessing to Bronson Howard.

STOLEN RHYMES. Her Reverie. Under the shade of the maple tree The couple sat together, While the robin sang with merry glee In the sweet September weather. He noted a shade on the maiden's brow, And he felt at his hears a sinking. As he wildly said, "Oh! tell me now, My darling, of what you're thinking."

I thought. As she learned on the arm of her lover, As she leaned on the arm of her lover. I thought that things would be awfully slow. When the baseball season's over. "Boston Courter. All They Lacked. I knew a maiden fair to see, be sweet, so good, it seemed to me the needed but there feathery things. That angels wear—men call them wing To stand equipped from head to feet. An angel perfect and complete.

'I thought," she murmured, in accents low.

I knew a second maiden once.
At school she took the cake—as dunce
She used to do such foolish things.
I swear she only needed wings
To make her, what she was in sooth,
A perfect poose; and that's the rinth's

The lover stands in the shady lane.
Watching the cottage door;
He is waiting there for his Mary Jane,
And has waited an hour or more. And has waited an hour or more. She comes not yet, and he heaves a sigh, And has heart sinks in despair. As the time noes by, and he saxiously Awaits her coming there The wife in her room sits all alone.

Aloue in the shadows that:
Her husband to-uight to the lodge has gone,
And she is waiting up for him.
She lists to the foot-teps come and go,
She watches the passing car—
Ah only those who have waited know
How dreary the moments are! But the dreamest wait of all, 'tis said,

But the dreamest wait of all, tis said, is that in the morning light of the wretched man with the monstrous head. Who was out with the boys last night. As he gazes up at the old church tower Where swift-winged rigeous soar. And waits for the clock to strike the hour That ovens the barroom door.

-Boston Courier.

Lost and Found. There was an old farmer named Foster Had an Alderney cow, and he lost her. So the country he scoars, For three or four hours, Then in his own yard came across (s) or.

— Dansville Breezs.

MONELL'S TENTENS CORDIAL fulls the infant inte-

# MEXICO'S GHASTLY PRISON.

D'ULLOA AT VERA CRUZ.

Six Hundred of Mexico's Most Desperate Characters Confined Within Its Walls-But Little Chance for Them to Escape-Twenty Shot Down in a Recent Revolt.

The following brief despatch was published in the newspapers of the country recently:

"City of Mexico via Galveston. -Et Tiempo states that the prisoners confined in the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa revolted and that he troops quelled the aprising, shooting twenty

prisoners down."
A brief announcement surely, and one that was probably hastily read and as soon forgotten. Yet, to the few Americans who have visited the old Mexican scaport of Vera Cruz, and to the fewer still of these to whom chance or opportunity has brought a visit to the Castle, or rather

more interesting than that of patricings, more interesting that that of patricings, more interesting than that of patricings, was amount, though so arithmostly was amount, though so arithmostly was amount, though so arithmostly was an interesting that the there is no don't taked themselves that the belief that they were really enjoying their American history. Mr. Bronson Howard has relief more surely neon military accessories than did Hr. Gillette in "Rich by the Bermy," and of the Every "was and is.

But Bronsen Howard as a consummate artist. "Sheamadoah" is a manifecten visco of work, but of the daintiest literary merit, coerflowing the surface of the best wood of the daintiest literary merit, coerflowing the surface of the surfa

most desperate characters in stexico. More abject misery, and inore repulsive countenances I have never ween. They wore only tattered shirts and a thin pair of drawers apiece. Many of them were old men, but the majority were about middle age. Some were fearfully disfured with sears, and while most of them were Mexicans, one saw now and then a face, that although bronzed by the tropical sun was once white, and the ebony countenance of the negro. A low murmur arose among them as the ladies passed, and although the guest commanded silence it subsided for a moment, only to rise again.

The convicts we had seen were silowed two hours a day in the open air, but otherwise served their terms—which in most cases meant their whole lives—in this dungeon. It is the Sing Sing of Mexico, or, rather, the national prison. The fortress is very ancient, the foundations having been laid over two hundred years ago, and within its walls have been confined some famous political prisoners, among them President Justez.

"Do you not fear a revolt:" we asked the commandant; "and what was there to prevent our all being murdered a few moments ago?" He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "We have a small force, but a good one," he answered. "We do not fear. We are surrounded by water. They cannot exceps. They can swim, but there are sharks, you know, and they know if they killed us they would be shot down." One of his statements has been verified, sooner, perhaus, than he expected as to the revolt, from the despatch above quoted.

A man now appeared with a torch, and croseing the contyard we entered what seemed a labvinity of danagons, and which we were told were under the water. They were all gloomy and foul smelling, and in slimost every one some noted person had been confined one of Mexico's most noted men. A few feet further on we entered a danceon which seemed a labvinity of danagons, and which we were found to the chain, for it had no egress, and then we listened to a "tale of woe." Some few months before President Disa had ordered a

Why He Was Late. (From the Merchant Traveller, 1

"You are late this morning. What is the "I wor obliged to go to court this mornin

where they wor investigating a little occur-rence that happened last night."
"Well, did they find anything?"
"Yes, they fined me."

# ELIXIR PROBABILITIES.

MORE HOPEFUL EXPECT.



Of no further use.



No more police outrages on old men.



Decline of the ballet-no old men's row.



Old Mrs. Bangham, aged ninety, wallops her frisky son of seventy, just as she did three-quarters of a century ago.







Jaggs—You must be pretty old.
Squibbs—Not so old as I look. Three
weeks ago I took an injection of Dr. Spring
Lamb's Rejuvenator, without Dr. Hammond's indor-ement blown on every bottle, and it's



Cow's blood furnishes another Nebuchad-



Millionaires will live forever to the discom-fiture of would-be heirs.

## HUMOR'S LIGHTEST VEIN.

THE GLOOMY FORTRESS OF SAN JUAN AT LEAST THIS IS WHAT SOME OF THE MERRY PARAGRAPHS FOR THE LOVERS OF

MIRTH AND SMILES. The Sprend of the Competition.

Indefinite Information. "How high has wheat been this year?" asked a speculator.

replied the interrogatee; "about four inches, I should guess, but I haven't been in the country lately. A Bad Habit.

"I think it's as high now as it has been,

(From the Cartoon.)
Little Fred (to his nurse)—Marie, you're a dandy kisser. Mamma (reprovingly)-freddie, dear, you

nustn't say that. It is slang. Fred—Papa says it to her.

Mamma—I don't think he will, dear, after speak to him about it.

Tit for Tat. (Prom the Son Francisco Chronicle.)
He—It's all very well, my dear; I don't mind your bullying me and pitching into me, but it was a mean trick to do to go through my pockets and read my letters. I draw the line at that. I don't think you ought to do

that.
She—My dear, why don't you destroy your compromising letters? I always destroy

What the Trouble Was. "I grasp the situation," said President Harrison, after listening for half an hour to the man who wanted an office.

"That's just the trouble," complained the suppliant. "What I want is for you to le go of the situation so that I can grasp it." (From the Chicago Ledger.) "What are you crying for, my boy?"

"I got licked by the teacher." "Well, it does no good to cry."
"Huh! How can you expect a boy that's whaled not to blubber." At the Catakilla. [From the Beston Budget.]

Newcomer-What is the highest point reached here? Old Sojourner-Oh, don't bother yourself about that just now. You will find it out soon enough when you get your bill. Anneying to Hest. [From the Harrard Lampson.]

Guest-Is this Mrs. Smith's house? Family Butler (hired for the occasion)—I on't know, sir: but it's 500 Beacon street. [From the Boston Gazette.]
Son-Papa, how do they catch lunatics? Cynical Father-With large straw hate and

feathers and white dresses, jewelry and nest gloves, my boy,
Mamma (musingly)—Yes, I remember that
time how I dressed before we were married. Found at Last. "Dear me! This is annoying!" said Mr. Haggerty, impatiently. "I've looked all

over the house for my pipe, and can't find it

anywhere."
"Did you look in your month?" asked
Mrs. Haggerty, regarding him with a smile.
"No. by George! And it's there too," said Quite Work for a Time.

[From the Chicago Herald.]
Foreman—You might as well look for nother job, Jerry. Bricklayer-What for? What have I done? "Your trowelful of mortar struck the owner of the building down on the first floor."

"Let him keep out of the way. If the bell strikes 12 when I've got a trowel of mortar I don't care where it drops."

Change of Climate.

[From the Christian Register.] "Change of climate is what you need," said the high-priced physician, after he had listened to all the details of the patient's case. "Change of climate!" exclaimed the patient in surprise. "Why, man alive, I've never had anything else. I've lived right here in New England all my life."

A Young Barbarian. (Prom the Paris Pigare.) Fond Mother-Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best? Tommy (arter a moment's reflection)—I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked.

Didn't Come to Work Overtime. Chief (to industrious cierk in Government Office)-Why didn't you dot the "i" in the last word of your report last night?
Industrious Cierk—I beg your pardon; but
you see the clock struck four just at that
point, and I didn't care to work overtime.



Traveller (from Chicago)-Come here, you rascal! Local Patriot—Not much. I don't take no chances on this 'xhibit goin' back t' Sheercage after we once git it here.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS. 

THE FAIR YIELDED \$43. Harlem Misses Work Zcalously for the Sick Baby Fund. The tidy little sum of \$43.01 is sent to THE

EVENING WORLD's Sick Baby Fund by seven little ladies who have been holding a fair. Their names are Misses Tenny, Lina, Selina and Bella Rosenhaupt, Lillie and Hattie Schlesinger, and Libbie Kahn. They all live on East One Hundred and Fifteenth street. The fair was held last Friday and Saturday afternoons in Mr. S. Rosenhaupt's yard, 124 East One Hundred and Fifteenth street.

All Used Up

Strength all gons. Tired ont. Overworked. Feeling mean and miserable -You must not neglect yourself longer. Delays are dangerous. The downward tendency of your agatem must be stopped. You need the toning, strengtheams, building up properties of Hood's Baraspardia to restore you to bealth, give you an appe-tite and make you active, cheerful and willing to work, Hood's harseparilla to sold by all druggists \$1; six for 5. Prepared only by U.I. HOOD & OO., Lowell, Mass.